

Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 22.

The Bismarck Tribune.

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THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE CO.

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Postmasters are authorized to act as our agents, retaining a commission of 12 1/2 per cent.—or 25 cents for each yearly subscription.

Bismarck Business Directory.

Advertisements inserted under this head, two lines or less, per annum, \$5.00; additional lines at \$2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE—a live western newspaper, published by the Bismarck Tribune Company at \$2.00 per year.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO., Bankers. Interest allowed on time deposits. Exchange bought and sold, &c.

BEAL & PETERSON, Gun and Lock Smiths.

JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.—Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Tinware, &c.

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J. W. RAYMOND & CO. A full line of supplies, Dry Goods, Clothing, &c. Wholesale and Retail.

J. A. McLEAN—Heavy stock Groceries, extensive assortment Clothing, well selected Dry Goods, &c.

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J. F. REARDON—Groceries, Provisions, Liquors and Cigars.

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MEAT MARKETS, &c.

BROWNING & WINGROBE—Meats, fresh and cured, Eggs, Vegetables, &c.

N. P. CLARK—Fresh Meats, Ham, Bacon, Eggs, Butter, Grain, Feed, Potatoes, &c.

BAKERS.

JOHN YRGIN—City Bakery. Bread, Pies, &c.

PETER WALKER & CO.—Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies. Fresh Oysters in every style, at all hours of the day and night. Baked Pork and Beans every Sunday.

DRUG STORES.

DUNN & CO.—Full assortment of Drugs, Notions, Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, &c.

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MARSHALL & CAMPBELL—Full line of all work. Boots and Shoes made to order. Gloves.

O. MEYER—Boots and Shoes to order. Repairs.

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ST. LOUIS LIQUOR STORE—J. D. Wabman. Best imported goods in the market. Bourbon, Cognac, &c. at wholesale and retail. Sample rooms and Billiard Hall.

JOHN MASON—Whisky, Wine, Cigars, &c., at wholesale and retail. Billiard Hall. An elegant place.

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P. BROINEAU—Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

M. HORTON & CO.—Fine imported Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

S. O'CONNELL—Liquors and Cigars.

FIRST AND LAST CHANCE—George Brinkman, Proprietor. Next door to Bismarck Hotel. Club Room.

MESERVE & CO.—"Stock Exchange." Best Liquors and Cigars.

REED & GOULD—Liquors, Cigars, Music. Fine hall for dancing.

ASA FISHER—Billiard Hall, Imported Wines, Liquors, Ale, &c.

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HOTELS.

CAPITOL HOTEL—R. R. Marsh & Co., Proprietors.

BISMARCK HOTEL—R. Connelly, Proprietor.

DAKOTA HOUSE—Thomas McGowan, Proprietor.

BARBERS.

CHRIS. HEHL—King of Barbers, and Imperial Bath Rooms.

W. H. HOMER—Empire Shaving Hall and Bath Rooms.

J. M. ROSIER—Shaving, Shampooing, &c.

BLACKSMITHING.

GEO. G. GIBBS—Wagon Making and Blacksmithing.

THOMAS WELCH—Blacksmithing in all its branches.

JAMES SOUTER—Blacksmithing, &c.

PHYSICIANS.

B. F. SLAUGHTER—Physician and Surgeon.

H. R. PORTER—Physician and Surgeon.

LAWYERS.

DELMATER & FLANNERY—Lawyers, Tribune Block. County Attorney's office.

E. A. WILLIAMS—Lawyer, Third St. Deputy U. S. Attorney.

JOHN A. STOEYELL—Lawyer, Fourth St.

H. M. DAVIS—Lawyer and City Justice, Third Street.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN—Lawyer and U. S. Court Commissioner, Main St.

LIVERY.

CHAS. MCCARTY—Livery, Sale and Feed Stable. First Class Bix.

JOHN OSTLAND—Livery and Feed Stable. Rear of Bailey House.

Bismarck Tribune!

LIVELIEST,

NEWSIEST,

MOST POPULAR

Weekly Paper in the Northwest, will be furnished One Year for

TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE,

together with the TRIBUNE'S

USTER CHROMO,

a magnificent Chromo-Lithograph of this Popular Cavalry Commander The Chromo alone is worth the money, and was manufactured

especially for the TRIBUNE, at an expense of several hundred dollars, by Strobridge & Co. Cincinnati, the well-known Chromo Publishers.

The TRIBUNE contains not only all of the news of the day, but the latest and most reliable reports concerning the

BLACK HILLS

AND THE WONDERFUL

GOLD DISCOVERIES!

which have recently been made by Custer's Black Hills expedition is that hitherto unknown region. This is important, as Bismarck is the nearest point to the Black Hills, and will be the point where expeditions will outfit. From Bismarck to the Black Hills there is a direct and well-marked trail, made by the return of Custer's expedition.

The TRIBUNE is the only weekly newspaper in the United States which sends a Special Correspondent with Custer's expedition.

It is the only weekly in the United States which publishes FULL

giving the LATEST NEWS up to the time of going to press, together with the News of the Week, condensed and put in

an

ATTRACTIVE FORM.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of this Popular Newspaper, says:

"The Bismarck Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, has just completed its first year's existence. It is a bright and remarkably well-edited sheet, and would compare not unfavorably with many of the more pretentious journals of the Atlantic coast. It is one of the marvels of American journalism; how such a neatly printed and ably conducted news sheet comes from the midst of a territory which a year ago was inhabited only by Indians and wild animals."

All Postmasters and News Agents are authorized to act as our agents, retaining for their services the same percentage as is allowed for newspapers.

Subscriptions sent direct should be addressed to THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE COMPANY, Bismarck, D. T.

TELEGRAMS

Reported Specially for the Bismarck Tribune.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEVITIES.

Gage, the Chicago defaulter has been acquitted.

The longshore men's strike is ended, the strikers surrendering.

Story, of the Chicago Times, married Miss Eureka Pearson, last Thursday.

The insurrection in Buenos Ayres is ended, the rebels having surrendered.

Rich gold diggings are reported as having been discovered near Salt Lake.

King Kalukima and Grant congratulated each other by telegraph on Saturday.

Professor Marsh discovered fossils of several new tropical animals in the Red Cloud boneyard.

There were several marine disasters last week, among them the Pontiac, which lost twenty-six of her crew.

The Postmaster General prohibits the circulation by mail of carrier's addresses, as calculated to influence presents.

The Emperor has stricken from the Budget the appropriation for sustaining the German Legation at the Vatican.

Deputies from Alsace and Lorraine are incensed at Bismarck's speech, and threaten to withdraw from the Reichstag.

Bismarck is on the rampage; accuses members of the Reichstag of sympathizing with Kullman, his would-be assassin.

The Supreme Court decides that the tribunal convicting Tweed had competent jurisdiction, and he was remanded to prison.

A lively time is promised in connection with the Pacific Mail. It is alleged that \$750,000 will be used to corrupt Congress and to secure the subsidy.

And John D. White, republican member of Congress elect from Kentucky, shot and killed his competitor on Wednesday. The quarrel grew out of the canvass.

The last act of Mayor Havameyer was to enquire into the laxity of treatment of Tweed, who has splendidly furnished rooms and is permitted to wear citizen's clothes.

Gen. Miles' expedition is still out, but is awaiting forage. They will be joined by the Eighth Cavalry, and will pursue the Indians to the headwaters of the lower Red River.

The old Manitoban government has resigned and a new one established, with a cabinet of three instead of five members. The Upper House and the Attorney General have been abolished.

The infamous Judge Darrell has resigned to save impeachment, but equals fearfully on the Louisiana radicals. He thinks himself a victim of party exigency, and denounces the Enforcement Act.

A Des Moines man claims to have been in the Black Hills since August last, and says that there is no gold there, but the hills are full of Indians, and alleges that they have killed two companies which have gone there.

The board of visitors speak highly of the West Point academy, and complimentary of the discipline and efficiency of its officers. Hazing has been abolished. Recommends that candidates should not be younger than 18 or older than 21 years of age.

Bismarck declares Germany recognizes the Pope as the head of the Catholic Church, but needs no delegation at the Vatican. They can communicate through an ambassador to Italy, if desirable. He charges that the Vatican wished the victory in favor of France in the late war.

The expenses of the War Department last year were upwards of forty-five millions—four millions saved over the previous year. The Secretary will recommend additional pay for acting assistant quartermasters; pay and mileage to officers and men when on duty, instead of expenses; that privates be allowed to compete for position; the commissioning of Sergeants; reduction of the army discouraged; reduction of men without a corresponding reduction of officers not economical; recommends the increased pay for Sergeants; when vacancies occur among regimental adjutants and quartermasters, put detailed officers to do that duty.

It is reported that Billy Burke and a companion were caught on Sunday evening, by an Infantry Sergeant at Ft. Lincoln, with a wagon load of stolen forage.

Holiday goods in great variety at Dunn & Co's drug store.

MURDER!

JOHN PETERSON MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD!

Shot Through the Head by Some Unknown Party!

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE CITIZENS OF BISMARCK!

The Citizens Offer a Reward of \$500 for the Apprehension and Conviction of the Murderer!

Last Saturday morning our citizens were startled by the rumor that a man had been found dead in the timber about three miles northwest of town, by the driver of the team belonging to the brewery.

The Coroner and a few of our citizens immediately went to the place indicated and there found the dead body of John Peterson, formerly of Red Wing, Minnesota. From appearances he had been chopping in the timber, when his assassin stepped up behind him, laid the gun close to his head, and fired, killing him instantly. The deceased fell forward, burying his face in the snow, in which position he must have lain for two or three days, and in which condition his body was found. His body was brought to town, and in the evening an inquest was held.

Deceased was married last spring, and purchased the right of Mr. Mills to his claim, moved into the house and commenced making improvements. Mr. Peterson was regarded as an upright and honorable young man, comfortably situated, and a credit to any community. His wife is nearly distracted by the cold blooded affair, and the sympathy of the entire community.

On Monday a subscription was raised among our citizens, and a reward of five hundred dollars offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer.

The jury consists of Thomas Van ETTEN, D. Stewart, C. H. Kauffmann, W. A. Peterson, W. W. Bill and Chris. K. Gilson.

Below we give the evidence given at the inquest:

Dr. B. F. Slaughter sworn:—Reside in Bismarck; am a practicing physician; the ball entered at the base of the brain, from the left side, passing upward at an angle of about seventy-five degrees, and out at the center or top of the cranium; place of entrance of the ball about one inch in diameter, and its exit about one and one-fourth inch; probed the wound but found no shot or bullet; no other marks of violence; neck, shirt collar and cap of deceased is black with powder; from appearance of the wound should judge that the weapon used was a large sized army revolver, or a weapon of about same calibre; the party using the firearms was close to deceased—anywhere from two inches to two feet; the body may have been dead two or three days.

C. F. Hobart sworn:—Reside in Burleigh County; was acquainted with deceased; have no knowledge of the facts in connection with his death; deceased claimed one hundred and sixty acres, one-fourth mile wide; no dispute in connection therewith; live about three-fourths of a mile from deceased; men are hunting in that vicinity every day, and hear shooting; last saw the deceased some eight or ten days ago; know of no difficulty between the deceased and his neighbors.

Mr. Brash sworn:—Reside with Mr. Hobart; have no personal knowledge of this affair; saw deceased last Monday morning at his house; deceased was married last spring; saw Mr. Ardron and Mr. Simmons at the house of deceased last Thursday; the body was found about two hundred paces from the house; have seen several parties at house of deceased at various times; know of no ill-feeling between the deceased and his neighbors; go by the house of the deceased quite frequently; never saw anything wrong; had no talk with deceased when last saw him; were on friendly terms.

Joseph Ardron sworn:—Reside two miles from town, one mile from deceased; saw deceased last Monday evening; went to house last Thursday, about noon, for hay; no one at home; have heard that deceased had some money in bank; have no knowledge of any difficulty

between deceased and neighbors; know of no parties in particular that called on deceased; have stopped over night at house of deceased because wife of deceased claimed to be afraid that Mr. Hobart would harm her husband; deceased never claimed to be afraid; first heard of death of the deceased about nine o'clock this morning; was at the house of the deceased frequently; there were no parties living with the deceased and his wife; have heard the deceased say that if he jumped that claim Hobart would kill him; felt no apprehension in that respect.

Charles Simmons sworn:—Reside on a claim two miles from town, and one mile from deceased; last saw deceased on Monday afternoon; he was not his house chopping wood; was at house of deceased on Thursday forenoon last; no one present; went from the house to the barn; got some hay and left; have been at his house a few times; know of no difficulty between the deceased and his neighbors; his absence from home did not excite any suspicion; supposed deceased was chopping wood in the timber; the wife of the deceased was absent on Monday; have heard of no threats from anyone against the deceased; think I heard deceased say that Mr. Brash could not hold the claim—that deceased had the best right to it; I came into Dakota on 23rd of October last; Mr. Ardron and myself visited at the residence of deceased together; know of no one in the habit of visiting there; know nothing of the financial circumstances of deceased.

[The inquest then adjourned to next Monday morning.]

[Monday afternoon, Dec. 7th, inquest resumed.]

Mrs. John Peterson sworn:—Reside in Burleigh County, on what is known as Burnt Creek, my husband and Hobart had some trouble in regard to the claim; did not hear the conversation; it was about six weeks ago; saw the parties together; Hobart was at my house but once; husband said to me that Hobart threatened to slap him if he was not so small; that Hobart told him to get off the claim; he was not afraid of Hobart; when Hobart came to the house her husband was not there, and he left immediately; know Joseph Ardron; he stayed at my house at my request; I was afraid to stay alone; Ardron lived on his claim; the trouble was about six weeks ago; Ardron has stopped at my house several times, but has not been there lately to stay; he used to see my husband frequently; it is about two weeks since he was there last; know John Brash; he is building a house on my husband's claim; have heard no talk between them about the claim; he came to my house a week ago last Saturday and borrow a shovel; know of no ill-feeling between them; don't know whether my husband had any money about him when he was killed; he had some in the house; cannot tell whether it has been disturbed; she had not yet counted it; never kept much money about him; never spoke to anyone about the threats except my husband; he kept a shot gun in the house; loaded; it is now in the house; husband said that Hobart had threatened to shoot him; his band claimed one-half mile square; [a plat was shown her and she described the ground thereon.] Had no talk with him about the claim for six weeks, except that he thought he could hold it; don't think that Mr. Ardron knew that my husband had any money in the house; when we first came to Bismarck he had \$100 in cash; he had paid some on the claim; Ardron frequently came there, but has not been there for two weeks; Ardron thought that Hobart wanted to scare my husband; I get frightened easy.

Jacob Kalverer sworn:—Reside with Girard at the brewery; found the body last Friday, in the timber, about six or eight feet from the road, in the bottom; it was perhaps a hundred yards from the house; Girard went to the house to see Ardron, and I the timber; found the body lying on its left side; the hands were in position as though holding an axe; the left leg was drawn up, the right nearly straight; the axe lying between them, the handle nearly touching the body in front; after finding him, went back to the team, met Girard, and told him I had found a dead man; both of us went and saw him; did not know who it was; he had not touched the body; both went back home; had no idea of how deceased was killed; met a team on our way home; said nothing about it until we got home; told no one that deceased was shot before the Coroner saw the body; came to town Monday night and informed the Coroner; went to deceased to get logs to build an ice house; do not know where the road on which the body was found leads to; never was there but once before; that was last fall; the foot of the deceased was close to the log; looked as if he had been chopping on the log and fell off; no recollection of ever seeing the deceased before; noticed a dark spot on the back of his head; did not examine it; the cap was about three feet from the head; saw some blood on the ground near the head; was there last fall to see if we could get logs for allis to the brewery; the dog came down from the house with Girard.

Chris Larson sworn:—Reside with Hobart; have been chopping wood for him the last four weeks on his claim; have been away part of the time this last week; never saw deceased while living; have heard both Hobart and Brash say they did not know Peterson; heard that Peterson was hired to hold Brash's claim, and then jump it; they did not think it was Brash's claim; Peterson heard that he was hired to hold Brash's claim; I came into town last Wednesday; came by Peterson's house; did not see anyone there; stayed in town Wednesday night; returned to Hobart's next day; leaving about 10 o'clock; went by Peterson's house; kept in the road that had a well by the side of it; arrived at Hobart's house about 11 o'clock; Hobart came home about half an hour later; Brash came in about one hour after Hobart; after dinner went three miles up the river to Johnson's Camp and stayed over night; little Dutch Frank told me on Saturday of Peterson's death; he heard it from a woman; Hobart has a needle gun; last Wednesday I took it from where he kept it and placed it in my bed; when I got back Thursday the gun was back in the corner; don't know whether it was loaded or not; it was loaded yesterday; came to town last night; stopped at Hill's (Scandinavian House); Hobart generally wears snow pants; don't know what he wore Wednesday; Brash wears sheepskin pants; he had a carbine; first saw it week before last; don't know where it was Wednesday; Brash used to take his gun out with him sometimes; saw it under my bed Saturday night; it was loaded then; Brash represented that deceased was trying to jump his claim; never saw Hobart handle a gun but once, and then only to try to see how it would shoot; did not hear any shooting in that vicinity last week.

R. H. Girard sworn:—Reside in Bismarck, near the river; was along with Kalverer when the body was found; he thought Peterson might sell us logs for our ice house; I went to Peterson's house and he to the timber, thinking to find him in either place; he came back and told me he had found a dead man; went and saw him; he was lying on his left side; there was a wound in the back of his head; thought from appearances he had been murdered; did not examine the body to see how he was killed; never told anyone that I thought the body was shot, until personal saw it with me; think the deceased must have been standing on a log chopping when he was killed; deceased fell backward and sideways, and apparently died instantly; saw the cap; think it was eight or ten feet from the head; left there immediately after seeing the body; left Peterson's about 5 o'clock; we thought that deceased had been murdered; did not examine the body enough to form an opinion.

John Algren sworn:—Am chopping wood for Hobart; am at Hobart's; have heard Hobart say

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 9, 1874.

The President's message submitted Monday promises to be unusually interesting. If the usual holiday recess is taken there will be only sixty working days. The Northern Pacific and Dakota Division bills are unfinished business, and may be taken up at any time. The prospects for the Northern Pacific seem better as members come in. The disposition to do something to start the wheels of industry, which prevails, is favorable. On every hand business is paralyzed. Only last Saturday forty thousand laborers in the iron district were thrown out of employment. The present session ends Republican supremacy in Congress, and a disposition to inaugurate a system of general internal improvement seems to prevail. This system will probably embrace Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Atlantic & Pacific. The latter from St. Louis to the southwest, and the various water routes to the seaboard.

California Vintage.

The estimate of those best acquainted with the wine business of the State is that the vintage this year will not fall short of 9,000,000 gallons. Last year it was somewhere between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000. The unseasonable rains this year, which are not generally looked for earlier than the middle of November, will tend to decrease the strength, but improve the quality of the white wines and champagnes, the chief fault of which, in the judgment of connoisseurs, is that they are too heavy. The premature rains have caused the grapes to swell, tending to a decrease in alcoholic strength which will, it is thought, produce light wines of greater delicacy and finer flavor than we have had for several years. But the prospect is less favorable so far as red wines are concerned. There has long existed among connoisseurs in wines a notion that the vintage in "comet years" is always of a superior quality, and this theory seems likely to derive fresh confirmation the present year. The foreign papers state that in the important province of Marne a remarkably fine wine has been introduced this season, which has not been equalled by any vintage for many years past. The vintage in our northern counties will be late in consequence of the rains, especially in Sonoma and Napa. The grape product has been immense, independent of what is devoted to the manufacture of wines and brandies. A gentleman engaged in the business, and who has a turn "for facts and figures," furnishes us with an estimate that the amount of grapes raised in the State this year and consumed or exported will amount to 50 pounds for every man, woman, and child of our population.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Paradoxes.

Water thrown into a red-hot metallic vessel does not boil as we should expect, but quietly gathers itself together, forming a more or less perfect sphere, and in that condition floats about gracefully on the hot surface as it slowly evaporates away. If at the same time a very vaporizable substance, as liquor sulphureous acid, is thrown in, the water may actually be frozen in the red-hot vessel.

Water boiled in a glass flask until the upper part of the vessel is filled with steam, and then dexterously corked, before air can gain admission, and then placed in cold water, recommences to boil. The boiling is produced by cold instead of heat, and the experiment is known by the ordinary paradox. If steam from water boiling at 212 degrees is passed into a solution of water, the temperature of the solution steadily rises passing 212 degrees, reaches the boiling point of the solution, and finally the latter also boils at a temperature as high and even higher than 212 degrees, according to its nature. There we have the extraordinary result of obtaining a higher temperature, say 220 degrees, from a lower one—viz., 212 degrees.

If there is anything in nature that possesses a positive character, it is light. Yet physicist may so reflect the light from a given source as to cause it to destroy itself and produce darkness. In like manner, two sounds may be made to interfere with each other, and either produce silence or increased intensity of sound, at will of the operator.

Mrs. Theophilus Youngs, of Boston, fares badly when she goes out on a tour of exhibition as a spiritual medium. She plays a piano a few minutes, then the instrument keeps time by lifting its front legs clear from the floor. She gave a seance in Providence, and by inadvertence only a low chair was provided for her to sit in. So strenuous was she in insisting upon a higher stool being got, that unbelieved grew suspicious, and when the piano finally danced to her playing they caught her lifting it with her knees. She was indignant at the sure, and retired in tears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to get rich—Like an air and sleep on a clothes line.

The ladies of the sunny south dip snuff to the amount of 161,000 pounds a year.

This country used 69,000,000 gallons of whiskey last year—seven quarts for each of us.

The value of sponges collected, this season, on the Florida reefs is estimated at \$65,000.

A kind-hearted boy in Pennsylvania stole \$700 and presented it to an orphan asylum.

The United States now raise only two thirds as much cotton as is raised in British India.

King Koffee, of Ashantee, is deposed. King Chickory, his nephew, now holds the sacred nubrella.

If Henry Ward Beecher continues to press his dilatory notions, he will be convicted before tried.

The Illinois Anti-Secret Society Association is in session in Chicago annihilating the Masonic fraternity.

The right to gather all the dead leaves that fall in the public squares of Paris, sells for \$17,000 per annum.

A Maryland girl who was under a tree when it was struck by lightning, says she thought some one had thrown his arms around her.

Chicago has 39 public schools, attended by about 49,500 children. The teachers number 640, all of whom, with the exception of 32, are ladies.

It's easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel, than for a woman to say, "It's of no consequence," when you kick a hole in her new silk dress.

Toodles has been eclipsed by a fellow who attended a government sale at Fort Riley, and, being inebriated, bought four dozen pairs of rusty handcuffs.

"A man named Demeze was thrown out of a wagon in St. Louis, a few days ago, and somewhat scratched." He should be thankful he got off so Demeze.

A young fellow in Grundy Co., Iowa, wanted to charge his girl twenty cents for his own picture, informing her at the time that it originally cost a quarter.

A four-year old child in Tuscarora, Pa., has actually died of drunkenness. Its besotted mother fed it with whisky until, after weeks of steady intoxication, it died.

They vote well down in Alabama. One town with 75 inhabitants gave 700 Democratic majority. In the language of the day, "They have well." Painted Woods can try again.

Few better replies are on record than that of young DeChateaufort, to whom a bishop once said: "If you tell me where God is, I will give you an orange." "If you tell me where he is not, I will give you two," was the child's answer.

The Canadian way of measuring a tree is said to be as certain as it is grotesque. You walk from the tree, looking at it from time to time between your knees. When you are able to see the top of a tree in this way, your distance from the root of the tree equals its height.

The Rev. Isaac Erret, of the Chicago Christian Church, is a business-like preacher. At a meeting of his congregation he said: "I should like to continue as your pastor another year, and will stay if you will pay me \$5,000. I cannot stay for less, and I would like an answer right away." He was engaged.

A Pittsburgh preacher has been requested to repeat his sermon, and "say it slow." In one of his sentences he remarks: "The marvelous multitudinousness of the minutiae of the corroborating circumstances are the insurmountable difficulties which unmistakably prevent the skeptic from discovering the truth."

At Maury, Tenn., a few nights ago, a young man went to bed, leaving a burning candle and pistol on the table. The dripping sperm ignited the table, the table ignited the pistol, the barrel began to explode, and when the young man awoke he was nearly burned, smothered and shot to death. The pillow received the balls and saved his life.

General Butler engaged a section of artillery in anticipation of his election, to leave Boston on a platform car. "It was to accompany him to Gloucester, to fire a gun at each stopping station between Boston and Gloucester, and a hundred guns upon reaching the latter place." He did not do it, though, as his experience in the war taught him better than to fire off guns in the presence of the enemy.

Dan Delaney is alive. It is just a miracle though. Last Tuesday afternoon he was engaged in cleaning out a well in the yard opposite the Normal School. For two hours he had been down to the bottom, and forgetting something was compelled to go up after it. No sooner had he reached the windlass than the entire side came down with a crash and filled up all below. This is his third narrow escape, and he would advise him to abandon that business for all time to come.—*St. Cloud Press.*

Dr. D'Unger, of the Duluth Herald, means business, and is bound to get square with the world. He says:

All persons, no matter whether they owe us a dollar, or five dollars, or more, on payment of one dollar, will receive in full of all demands and six months' subscription to the Herald. One dollar from each one of our patrons will save us a great deal of trouble, and avoid scores will be scratched off! Come up, and get a clearance of your indebtedness.

The most obstinate mule on record turned up the other day in Sonoma Co., California. His owner was hauling a load of lime, when a warm shower set in. The lime, slaked by the rain, was soon in a high state of combustion, and the wagon caught fire. But the animal in question, which formed one of the team, stubbornly resisted all efforts to detach him from the burning wagon, and was cremated on the spot, while his unfortunate owner stood by and misapplied Scripture.

Mrs. Carrol and Mrs. Ford, twin sisters, living in South Bethlehem, Pa., says the Bethlehem Progress, each gave birth to twins on Saturday night. The attending physician says that these cousins are almost of an age—within an hour. These sisters were married on the same day; their first children were born in the same month; their second in the same week, and their third in the same hour, and both twins—like their mothers—as related above. The four children of each of these twin sisters are alive and well.

A Justice of the Peace recently went with a young man in the country to the house of his intended, for the purpose of uniting the two as man and wife. It seems the bride-elect changed her mind, and instead of being married, heaped many imprecations upon the head of her would-be husband, who, driven to desperation, seized her, and holding her by main force, called upon the Justice to proceed, who refused to do so. The scene is described as ludicrous in the extreme.—*Magnolia, (N. C.) Record.*

A San Francisco woman who was in the habit of receiving frequent castigations at the hands of her husband, one day read the Bible story of Samson and Delilah. When next her consort was prone to sleep, she sheared him so completely that every spear of hair disappeared from face and head. Posing from his slumber like a giant refreshed, he speedily comprehended the situation and reached for her. Such a caressing as she then received she never dreamed of before. She did not even have her usual grip on him. He was was fined, but she declared her utter disbelief in "those Bible yarns."

An innocent person met with a very painful accident under peculiar circumstances, a few days ago in Boston. An Italian peddler being insulted by a street gamin, retorted with some epithet, whereupon the boy took up a large stone and threw it at him. It struck the curbstone with such violence as to rebound and strike the nose of a gentleman who was passing in a wagon. His nose was broken and turned completely over on his cheek, showing an orifice clear into his head. The gentleman fainted from pain and loss of blood. The boy, mingled with the crowd and escaped.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 484 by 5, and the answer will be 2,420; divide the same by 2, and you have 242, and, as there is no remainder, you add a 0. Now take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; and dividing this by 2, there is 179 and a remainder, you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

The New York Clipper relates this: "A touching incident was witnessed the other evening while attending a minstrel performance. A young and pretty Irish lass—and, judging by her fresh and ruddy complexion, not very long from her own green isle—entered the auditorium, and, before taking her seat, dropped on her knees in the aisle, made the sign of the cross, slowly rose, and then went to the chair her coupon called for. We subsequently learned that she is an exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and this was her first appearance at a public place of amusement, and the force of habit induced the observance of a custom peculiar to the church."

It appears that the Bismarck Tribune, although one of the liveliest and most readable papers published in the Northwest, does not suit everybody up there, and an opposition paper is threatened. The fools are not all dead yet, and there will doubtless always be enough of them left to undertake the job of crushing out a well established newspaper by starting another when there is no business demand for it. Bismarck can only support one paper, and Col. Lounsbury will doubtless keep all the patronage he has, leaving the new adventurer to fend on the few stray crumbs it may be able to pick up.—*St. Cloud Journal.*

STARTING A NEWSPAPER.

The difficulty of the starting of a newspaper is one of the characteristics of the age. Every corporation and company must have its special organ to advocate its peculiar advantages, every village must be represented by an "Advocate," a "Watchman," or a "Torchlight." What a few years ago was confined exclusively to the cities, is now extended to almost every village and town in the country. The press is now an indispensable requisite to advance the character and interest of any locality.

It is a very easy matter for a few individuals, interested in some enterprise, to convene and do the "wind work" toward establishing an "organ," but to come up promptly with the "material" is widely different. To promise five hundred subscribers, to produce by a mysterious method of addition a thousand dollars to be made by job work and advertising, is easier than to hand over \$2,000.

Now, the good citizens of Blowtown, wanting to increase the value of "corner lots" and beautiful suburban residence, determined to establish a weekly newspaper. To mature this design, innumerable meetings were held at the stores and such places as were most convenient. At these meetings 'Square Pussymann, Elder Blowhard, 'Square Easy and slow, Uncle Ultraman, and Messrs. Skindint, took the most prominent part. The matter was presented in every possible light. Pussymann thought the enterprise of vital importance—one which would do great good without much sacrifice on their part. Elder Blowhard urged that a press be immediately established; though they should at first be compelled to make a little sacrifice, they would realize double the amount in less than six months, in the way of a rise in property—the name of their beautiful institution—Cornhill College—would be known afar off. 'Square Easy and slow said he was for the measure. Uncle Ultraman thought that a paper would pay the business men, as they could advertise at a small cost and receive a great benefit; besides, if they could once get the "thing" a going, they would shirk all responsibility on the individual embarking in the enterprise, and he couldn't back out, and if there was any loss it would be the publisher's. Messrs. Skindint said their motto was, "the greatest good at the least cost," and that they believed a press would "do the thing."

"For a press"—was the verdict of the citizens of Blowtown. The next thing was to find some one to engage in the enterprise who would control the paper and puff the town. This was easily accomplished. A young printer, who was attending college at Blowtown, by flattery, fair promises, and misrepresentations, was seduced from his studies and persuaded to assume the responsibility of editor, publisher and printer of the prospective paper, to appear under the euphonic title of "The Blowtown Scientific Investigator." Subscription papers were circulated and signed by men, women and boys, so that in a short time a formidable list of names was presented. But then "what's in a name?" The five hundred names were made up in about the style of "Kansas election returns." A few individuals subscribed for as many as ten copies. This was considered by them a great sacrifice.

Our young editor now began to feel sanguine of success. Such glowing pictures were presented to his mind, and such assurances of ultimate success, that he began to look with contempt on other papers, which were a reality not a Utopian dream. He was induced to believe that the Investigator would soon be the first paper in the country—that its subscription list would run up to thousands—that everybody's children would soon be attending Cornhill College; and that, of course, everybody's parents would take the paper to learn how their sons and daughters progressed—that the Professors Snizzle would adorn and enrich the columns of the new journal with sparkling gems from their "classical" and "gifted" pens. This was a bright picture to be contemplated by an ambitious, enthusiastic mind.

The city was immediately visited, and the necessary material purchased for issuing a country newspaper. In due time the press and fixtures arrived at Blowtown, when there was a great hurrah, and exclamation of "what a people we are!" They patted the editor on the shoulder, and said, "good fellow!" The amateur publisher now set to work in good earnest, with his assistants, to "set up the matter" for Vol. 1, No. 1. Expectations was now all on the *qui vive*, and for two weeks the conversation of the printers was mostly in answering the all-prevailing question, "When will the first number of the Investigator be out?"

After "days of toil and nights of waking," the long looked-for paper appeared. It was a very creditable sheet, with a flaming introductory, replete with adjectives, full of promises for the future; and "does it" at the close with an eloquent quotation from Shakespeare. It was a triumph of art and intellect among the people of Blowtown. The citizens, with unanimous voice, declared "bravo!" and the editor considered him-

self immortalized. He was the subject of discussion at the "Sewing society," the social circle and the bar room. Old women with daughters were all his true friends. (The editor was single,) young misses even cast upon him a loving smile, young widows and old maids greeted him with the most abandoned flattery.

Many new names were added to the subscription list, and advertisements came rapidly in, with a promise of prompt payment. So the new enterprise was now fully under sail, with a fair sky, clear offing and a spanking breeze. A larger number of subscribers were already on the books than were anticipated, and though but few had paid in advance, yet there was every assurance that the pay would be forthcoming when needed. With full hope our hero pursued his prosperous voyage on the sea editorial, little dreaming of a cloud or storm in the future.

Months passed away. Novelty had withdrawn its charm, while the plain reality began to present to the publisher of the Investigator the asperities of the enterprise. Bills were coming due, and money must be had to meet them. An attempt was made to collect, but only a dollar here and there could be raised. Subscribers began with one accord to make excuses, and fair promises for the future. Still hoping for that millennium of publishers when delinquent subscribers will pay up their bills, recourse was had to borrowing money at three per cent. This was a rash expedient, but the only alternative, as the many warm friends of the press refused to do better. Repeated duns appeared in the columns of the Investigator, calling on all delinquents to pay up their arrearages, but with little effect.

Disaffection now began to creep in, and whilom friends began to "weary of well-doing." They couldn't see why it needed money to carry on a small paper. A paper with six hundred names on the list ought to live without complaint. Skindinters thought they were not puffed enough, and heaped their maledictions on the editor for presuming to charge for editorial notices. Pussymann thought his "puffs" not quite so good as Slow-and-easy's. The politics of the paper began to be denounced in as many different ways as there were political parties. Thus, hundreds of complaints were entered against the lapsed editor, because he "dared call for justice."

By this time our hero finds himself in no enviable position—sans dollars, sans friends, sans hopes! He had been charged exorbitant prices for all he had received—high rents, outrageous bills for board, etc. Amid incessant labor at the case and press, he had failed to make his paper as interesting as was demanded. But no allowances were made; inability was the excuse of exacting readers. The learned Snizzles had written some dry trash for farmers on "Gathering Seed Corn"—a subject of which the author was profoundly ignorant. Also another article on the "topography of a Frog Pond," with "Critical Notes" concerning the inhabitants thereof.

The volume was now half closed. A crisis in business affairs has almost paralyzed trade; money was scarce and collections almost impossible to be made. The last "bundle" of paper was used, while the paper mills refuse further credit until former supplies were paid. At this critical juncture our almost disheartened editor made a last effort to collect outstanding accounts. By this time creditors had ceased to be even gentlemanly. If one paid up, he did so by withdrawing further patronage. Some denied their accounts; said they never subscribed and would not pay. It was no use. A sufficient sum of money could not be raised to purchase a fresh supply of paper; so after a brilliant *descent* existence of six months, the "Blowtown Scientific Investigator" *blowed up!*

So ended the magnificent farce. The editor found himself two hundred dollars out of pocket, besides his six months' work. His credit was likewise gone, and but few friends remained. Slanderous tongues circulated all manner of false reports in regard to the paper and the unfortunate proprietor. The office was soon sold to pay off the debts, when hungry creditors like ravenous wolves, rushing together, each one struggling for the greatest share of the spoils. And the good citizens said amen—it has cost us but little, and done a deal of good! "Who cares for expense?"—*Printers' Cabinet.*

An Englishman who is traveling in this country writes to the *Times* "that many wives have to carry revolvers to protect themselves from their husbands." Times must be hard, indeed, if an old Democrat can not take a little whisky for his stomach's sake, without being arrested by a Democratic policeman, and published in a Democratic newspaper. *Cincinnati Commercial.* Those who have been in the United States Senate Chamber during a heavy shower remember that the noise made by the rain upon the roof was so great as to render the transaction of business almost impossible. This has now been remedied by the use of lath and plaster under the staves of the roof.

The Old Forty-Niner.

"An old forty-niner is gone."
His life of adventure is over.
And all the things he has done
Just as it did in other days.

But I recall his wonderful story
Of tales assigned to forty years;
Surprising as a magician's lore,
And long as his memory's care.

At night he'd sit beside the stove
And puff a strong and steady blast;
The while each year his memory wove,
Was still more foggy than the last.

And we would gather round to hear
The old man tell of by-gone times,
Of miner's camp and rugged shore,
And early comers' jokes and crimes.

Immense was he in argument—
Of topics naught he understood,
But facts with ease he could invent,
And pour them in an endless flood.

He argued with untiring zest,
Defying all to put him out;
And talked upon the whole, the best,
Of what he knew the least about.

When one a stubborn truth would bring,
He'd meet it with: "Young man of mine,
You cannot teach me anything,
For I've been here since forty-nine."

His choicest tale was of a ride,
When red men tracked him through the
grass,
And how, when all seemed safe, there died,
By random shot, his Indian lass.

"I raised her up, but she was dead!
My own dear wife! Accursed the rates!"
We sobbed with him, until he said:
"My other wife is in the States!"

(Copyright Applied For.)

THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.—THE RECRUIT.

As he did so, there advanced eagerly into the room, a well-dressed lad, whose dark, glowing face and earnest eyes, contrasted strongly with the pale countenance and listless manner of the young Lieutenant. There was that in his appearance—a certain manliness of bearing, and an air so like a gentleman,—that the first impulse of the polite young officer was to offer him a seat. But the eager words that broke from the boy's lips, "Are you the Recruiting Officer, sir? I wish to enlist in the Army," dispelled the gathering warmth of manner, and relapsing into his usual cold indifference, he beckoned to the attentive clerk to take down his replies.

The clerk propounded the usual formula of questions, and made a note of the answers.

"What is your name?"
"Ross Inglebright."
"Where were you born?"
"In this village, sir; Gayville, Illinois."

"How old are you?"
At this question the young man hesitated, and, seeing it, the Lieutenant spoke severely:

"You are aware, I presume, that the rules of the service, positively forbid the acceptance of any candidate for enlistment, under the age of eighteen."

The lad dropped his eyes, and moved uneasily, while a vivid blush suffused his face. For a moment he seemed undecided, then, suddenly looking up, he answered boldly:

"I am eighteen, sir."

The appearance of the youth,—aside from his suspicious change of manner,—sufficiently belied the words. He was apparently about sixteen, but well-formed and tall for his age. Though the falsehood was apparent at a glance, there was a frankness in his bearing that bespoke a mind unaccustomed to deceit. It was evidently no mere boy's caprice that had brought him thither. "Whatever may have been the secret, underlying motive of his desire to enlist, his face denoted a fixedness of purpose and strength of resolution far beyond his years."

"What is your occupation?" resumed the clerk.

"Until recently, I have been attending college."

"Very well," said the Lieutenant, "think the matter over, and report here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Saying this, he went out, and left the young man alone with the clerk.

Naturally enough, the ardor of the would-be soldier was somewhat chilled by the cold, business-like formality of the whole proceeding.

He felt piqued at the Lieutenant's lack of sociability, and depressed by the utter want of cordiality in the clerk's manner. He now tried to engage that worthy in conversation, but talking was a weakness in which he seldom indulged.

"You have been in the service, a long time, have you not?" Ross observed, by way of preliminary.

A nod was the only answer.

"I have long been anxious to enter the army, I dare say, I shall like it?" This was spoken enquiringly.

"Some like it, and some do not."

"The duties are not difficult, are they?"

"I dare say you will find out for yourself."

Failing to extract either information or encouragement from this human machine, Ross took his leave.

Next morning he returned punctually at the appointed hour, and again expressed a desire to enlist. He had thought the matter over, and he was not a native shirker.

By this time, he had decided on a fixed course of action, no after amount of thinking could change his resolution.

fixed course of action, no after amount of thinking could change his resolution.

He was now entered on the roll, and he was required to subscribe to the following resolution:

"I, Ross Inglebright, desiring to enlist in the Army of the United States, do declare that I am eighteen years of age, and that I know of no impediment to my serving honestly in the army for five years."

The portly clerk again appeared upon the scene, and read to him in a melancholy voice, certain choice extracts from the Articles of War.

He was then dismissed, with an injunction to return at ten on the following morning.

Next day he found a spruce looking Sergeant awaiting him, who at once took him in tow and conducted him to the office of the Examining Surgeon.

On the way Ross endeavored to be friendly, and addressed several pleasant remarks to his new acquaintance. But the cool insolence of the Sergeant surpassed the calm indifference of the Lieutenant. He effectually silenced all Ross's well meant efforts at familiarity by the curt command, "Hold your gab!"

The Surgeon was a solemn gentleman as befitted his grave profession. He looked upon Ross as a dealer would upon a horse whose merits he was called upon to decide, and proceeded without ceremony to conduct him through a surprising course of gymnastics, from which he emerged, half an hour later, with a very red face and a much ruffled temper.

The report of the Surgeon was favorable to his case, and a few days afterward, he was summoned to the Lieutenant's office to take the oath of enlistment.

A raw-looking Private, whose duty it was to keep the Lieutenant's wood box replenished, brought the message. He winked familiarly at Ross, and explained, "There's two or three other fellows up there, and the Boss wants to swear you all in, in a batch."

Ross, who had chafed under the reticence of his new army acquaintances, could find no cause of complaint on that score with this individual. Whatever may have been his faults or virtues, it was soon apparent that tactfulness was not one of them. A deluge of words arose on the slightest provocation, and his mouth was constantly in a state of overflow.

Distasteful as was his companionship, Ross listened with interest, as it was upon a subject that lay nearest to his heart.

"How came you to enlist?" asked Ross presently; when having exhausted his rhapsodies, the torrent stopped for a moment, and he saw an opening in which to launch the question.

"How came I to enlist, did you say? Well, you see how it was, Ohummy. I had'n't any money, and I don't like to work, so I thought the Army 'ud be a good place."

Arrived at the Lieutenant's quarters, they found that officer seated in an easy chair and engaged in perusing the daily papers. The clerk was busy, as usual, writing at his desk.

On the opposite side of the room, standing erect and in a soldierly attitude, with folded arms and one hand behind him, with his tall gaunt form drawn up, straight as a six-foot rule, and angular arms seemingly glued to his sides, was a middle-aged man in citizen's dress.

This person, Ross subsequently ascertained, was a discharged soldier whose term of service had expired, and who after two weeks of freedom, in which he had spent all his five years' savings, had presented himself for re-enlistment.

Nobody looked at Ross or his companion as they entered. The latter at once removed his cap, and took up his position in the rear of the Sergeant, where he posed himself stiffly and stared into vacancy.

Ross remained standing near the door, uncertain what to do. As no one appeared to notice him, or return his pleasant salutation of "good morning," he kept his hat on his head, until peremptorily ordered by the Sergeant to take it off.

A long silence ensued, which was broken only by the scratching of the clerk's pen. Even the talkative young private did not dare to wink.

They stood in silence, with uncovered heads, as if in the presence of royalty, while the careless object of their homage, the young Lieutenant, whose shoulder straps constituted his claim to their humble deference, lounged comfortably in his easy chair, like an Eastern potentate in his divan.

Ross grew very tired of standing, at length, and looked about him for a seat. But his lazy intentions were nipped in the bud by the lynx-eyed Sergeant, who seemed to divine his every thought. "Stand, Sir," was the vengeful order, and Ross, though inwardly raging at the man's assumption of authority, thought best to obey.

Presently some one was heard coming up stairs, and a moment later, a burly, overgrown fellow in a soldier's uniform, blundered awkwardly into the room. Hastening forward, he squared himself before the Lieutenant, and in a low, hoarse voice, threw up his right arm, and let fly his open hand with such vigor and recklessness of aim, that Ross stepped quickly forward to ward off the impending blow.

ness of aim, that Ross stepped quickly forward to ward off the impending blow.

The next instant his mistake was apparent, and he fell back, blushing painfully. The fellow was only giving the proper military salute.

The Lieutenant lifted two fingers in acknowledgement, and ordered the soldier to "proceed." The man stated that the recruit for whom he had been sent, had changed his mind at the last moment, and refused to come to take the oath.

The Lieutenant ordered the Sergeant to return with the soldier, and ascertain the cause of his refusal, and the two departed together.

After the lapse of half an hour, they returned, leading between them, a young countryman, whose rosy face bore unmistakable traces of the first stage of intoxication.

Ross saw this with pain, as the new comer was like himself an aspirant for military honors.

His previous scruples, from whatever cause they may have arisen, had utterly vanished, and he was not only willing, but boisterously impatient to take the oath. The Sergeant with difficulty repressed his noisy enthusiasm, and, at last, by sundry shakes and whispered threats, succeeded in reducing him to a show of decorum.

The Lieutenant then arose, and signaled Ross and the two others to approach the table.

They did so, the Sergeant holding the countryman firmly by the collar.

The clerk arose likewise, and took down a book from the top shelf of the secretary, which he opened and handed deferentially to the Lieutenant. That officer then proceeded to administer the oath, separately to each, and last of all to Ross, as follows:

"I, Ross Inglebright, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies and aggressors, and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles for the government of the Army of the United States."

As these solemn words were repeated, Ross felt his heart swell with emotion. His dark eyes kindled, and his cheek flushed. His form was drawn up to its full height, his right arm uplifted, and he looked, as he stood there in his boyish beauty, the embodiment of youthful grace and courage.

At last the dream of his life was near completion! His boyhood's romance had culminated in the glory of reality! He was a soldier! and the young blood rushed hotly through his veins, and set his heart bounding and his brain reeling with the dizzy thought.

The lad's agitation did not escape the notice of the young Lieutenant. It may be that a reminiscence of his own boyhood was stirred at the sight of this handsome, high-spirited boy taking his first rash impulsive step in what he deemed a flowery path of honor and prosperity, but what was in reality a rough and stony road of bitter servitude.

When Ross had been dismissed, and the others had left the office, he took up the descriptive list, left by the clerk upon the table, and studied it carefully. "Born in Gayville, State of Illinois, is eighteen years old; 5 feet 5 inches in height; has dark complexion; black eyes; dark brown hair; occupation, student." "A student; he looks like one! But his age,—he can't be eighteen; his face shows that!—and the name,—'Ross Inglebright'!—assumed, of course. Well, poor fellow! I'm sorry for him, but he's in for it now!"

(Continued next week.)

Trades Union Funds.

Some of the trades-unions of this country and England have accumulated large sums of money. One English society claims a capital of \$2,000,000. Another has over \$1,000,000. It is but natural that these enormous sums in the hands of men unaccustomed to the use of money and ignorant of the alphabet of political economy, should be misapplied. In too many cases they are worse than wasted. Men shirk work because they know they will get a regular stipend from an overflowing treasury by asking for it. They strike foolishly and vainly, because they know that the union will pay them while idle, and they like such easy methods of earning money. Even when necessity forces operatives to strike, the funds given to them are still wasted. They are spent unproductively for the support of men who do nothing in return. So much capital is destroyed. The workmen are therefore worse off than before. They have dissipated a great part of the funds of their union, and have almost certainly got no satisfactory returns for the money, and they have diminished the stock of the world's capital, and have therefore lessened the chances of future employment for themselves and for all toilers. For the labor done in this world is measured by capital. The more capital the more labor. The less capital, the less labor. So, in wasting thousands of dollars by spending it unproductively, these unions of workmen harm workingmen for unnumbered years to come. Labor, having no

some capital, uses the weapon against instead of for the employee. It might so readily be used for his advantage that this error needs a protest. In very many cases it would be cheaper for a trades-union to set up a lot of its members in business on their own account than to support them during a strike. Why should it not do so? The danger of this course would be that the inexperience of the men might wreck the enterprise. To avoid this peril, the union might devote its surplus funds, from time to time, to enabling its members to buy an interest in the shops in which they belonged. There are few employers who would not be willing for ready cash, to form an industrial partnership with their men on the plan which the Briggs Brothers' experiment has made famous. A loan to men thus taken into partnership, secured by a mortgage on their stock, would be as safe as any investment. In this way a trades-union could gradually make all its members independent, instead of keeping them and their successors poor. It is because this productive use of the capital accumulated by labor is so easy that its unproductive waste is inexcusable.—Chicago Tribune.

Almost every day there comes from some quarter information of a decrease in the manufacture of staple articles, and consequent depression in the labor-market. Tuesday it was the woolen manufacturers who had decided to make one-third less than the usual supply of fancy cassimeres; yesterday it was 134 owners of cotton mills in New England who had agreed to run on two-thirds time, and to-day it is said that 10,000 men and women accustomed to work are out of employment in New York City. Undoubtedly this will be a hard winter. The facts cannot be altered by keeping them out of the newspapers. People know and feel the truth. There should be less improvidence this winter than in years past, less gratification of appetites and desires, less petulance at small discomforts, more concern for the poor, more little savings, more human sympathy for suffering and want.—Chicago Tribune.

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